for powder, thei'lefill a pit as well as a better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouertie *I* know not where they had that: and for their bareneſſe *I* am ſure they neuer learn't that of me.

Pri. No, ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſte, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp't?

Weſt. He is, ſir Iohn, *I* feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gheſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'le fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why, ſay you ſo? looke's he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduis'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And *I* dare well maintaine it with my life,
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay *I*.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my cooſen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your